Che new Flannel Blouse.

It is Made of Satin Faced Cloth and is Fliant and Brilliant Beyond any Stuff Beretofore Used & & new Hutumn Millinery.

New York, Sept. 20.—The charm of the new flannel shirt waist lies as much in the quality of its material as in the manner of its making. Satin faced flannel and wool filled satin are the distinction and ornamentation that a skirt waist is capable of receiving. The satin faced flannel is pliable and brilliant beyond anything we have ever had before, and it comes in the most delightful pale and deep pastel tones. Olive green, murky greys and the softest intits of marshmallow pink are among the blurred and becoming colors in which the easy blouses will appear. Some of them are to button up the back, after the mode of popular summer shirt waists, and others are to have flapped and buttoned down pockets on the left breast—this last more for ornament than utility. The pouching front fullness will not be done away with, but even enhanced by tuckings on the shoulders, while the chief feature of the new style is, of course, the rolling Byron collar.

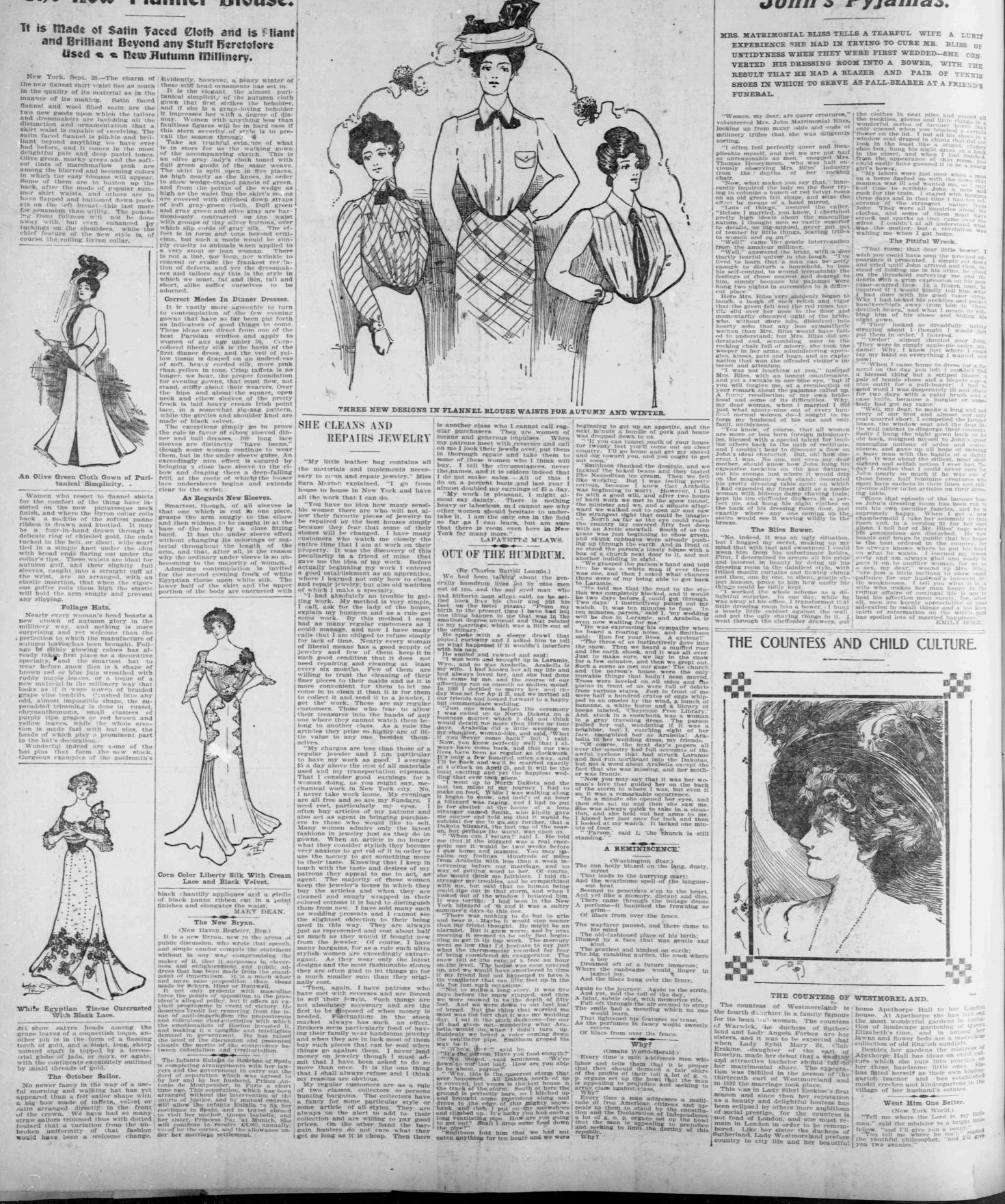
Evidently, however, a heavy winter of these stiff head ornaments has set in.

It is the elegant, the almost puritancial simplicity of the autumn cloth gown that first strikes the beholder, and if she is a grace-loving beholder it impresses her with a degree of dismay. Women with anything less than failt impresses her with a degree of dismay. Women with anything less than failt impresses her with a degree of dismay. Women with anything less than failt impresses her with a degree of dismay. Women with anything less than failt impresses her with a first strikes the beholder, and if she is a grace-loving beholder it impresses her with a degree of dismay. Women with anything less than failt impresses her with a degree of dismay. Women with anything less than failt impresses her with a first strikes the beholder, and if she is a grace-loving beholder it impresses her with a degree of dismay. Women with anything less than failt impresses her with a first strikes the beholder, and if she is a grace-loving beholder it impresses her with a first strikes the beholder, and if she is a









John's Pyjamas.

MRS. MATRIMONIAL BLISS TELLS A TEARFUL WIFE A LURIS EXPERIENCE SHE HAD IN TRYING TO CURE MR. BLISS OF UNTIDYNESS WHEN THEY WERE FIRST WEDDED-SHE CON. VERTED HIS DRESSING ROOM INTO A BOWER, WITH THE RESULT THAT HE HAD A BLAZER AND PAIR OF TENNIS SHOES IN WHICH TO SERVE AS PALL-BEARER AT A FRIEND'S FUNERAL.

"Women, my dear, are queer creatures," volunteered Mrs. John Matrimonial Bliss, looking up from many odds and ends of millinery trifles that she was diligently sorting.

"I often feel perfectly queer and finexplicable myself, and yet we are not half so unreasonable as men." snapped Mrs. Thomas Honeymoon, who was half entrously observing Mrs. Bliss' industry from the depths of her rocking chair.

"Now, what makes you say that," innocently inquired the lady on the floor trying to colonize a bunch of red velvet roses on an old green felt shape, and seize the effect by means of a hand mirror.

"Lots of things," assured the caller. "Before I married, you know, I cherished pretty high ideals about the masculline nature. I thought men so vastly superior to details, so big minded, never put out of temper by little things, leaving trifles to women and so on."

"Well?" came the gentle interrogation

